THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY

Telephone Main 2300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
1322 NEW YORK AVENUE N. W.

Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C. as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER:
Daily and Sunday.....45 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$5.40 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....25 cents per month

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL:
Daily and Sunday.....45 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$5.40 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....25 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....$3.00 per year
Sunday, without Daily.....$2.40 per year

Manuscripts offered for publication will be returned if unavailable, but stamps should be sent with the manuscript for that purpose.

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Chicago Representative, A. R. KEATOR, 123 Hartford Building.
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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1913.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

There is to be no change, for the present at least, in our governmental system. Our Presidents are to be elected as they always have been, and they are to serve under the conditions which have prevailed every since the republic was founded.

Nothing could better illustrate the innate conservatism of the American mind than the failure of the Senate to agree to an amendment of the Constitution. The single six-year term proposition had many advocates. Pages of the Congressional Record were filled with reprints of editorial indorsements and there really seemed to be a strong public sentiment in favor of the change. When the question came to be debated, however, with every phase exposed to critical analysis, it was apparent that those who had as loudly advocated the reform had not given the matter thorough study.

The debate in the Senate upon the proposed amendment was in itself a liberal education. It covered every phase of our governmental and political system and was dignified, dispassionate, and thoughtful. It is said—and doubtless with truth—that if the amendment had been put to a vote without debate it would have been adopted. As the discussion proceeded many minds began to change. It was evident that if any new arrangement was to be made regarding the Presidential term it would have to be thought out with great care and that, upon the whole, there were few suggestions which seemed to provide a better system than the one which now obtains. Consequently, the proposition failed.

The principal argument against a single six-year term was that if an adverse House of Representatives should be elected two years after an administration had come into power—as happened when a Democratic House was chosen two years after President Taft's election—there would ensue four years of deadlock instead of two as at present. The emphasis laid upon this possible condition of affairs was undoubtedly most effective in defeating the amendment. Then it was shown that a President, even if himself ineligible for re-election, could not be prevented from using his power to perpetuate his party in office or to secure the Presidential nomination for some ambitious friend. As the debate progressed it became more and more apparent that the advantages supposed to be possessed by the single six-year term proposition were rather diaphanous, while the disadvantages were substantial. The ideal solution of the problem would seem to be a limit of two terms, with the election at the end of the first four years operating as a recall if the President should fail to commend himself to the good judgment of the country.

The Senate cannot now be considered a reactionary body. There are very few of the old-time conservatives left in its membership. And yet when Senator Bristow proposed that there should be a recall of Presidents at the end of two years, the proposition received only ten affirmative votes.

The proposition for direct nomination and election of a President received more generous support, thirty votes being cast in the affirmative. It was a suggestion looking to the abolition of the electoral college and naturally found favor. This antique machinery is no longer necessary. It was originally devised to restrict the power of the people and especially as a bulwark against the election of an unsafe and radical man. Experience has demonstrated that the people are amply able to take care of themselves in this regard. They have too much at stake to jeopardize the government. The great mass of the people of the United States are not idle, starving, or oppressed. Our population is made up in very large degree of farmers, merchants, and home-owners. It is this substantial stratum which makes our national foundation so firm. The fear of the fathers of the republic that we would develop a French sans-culottism has, happily, not been realized.

It was interesting to note how the shadow of Roosevelt rested over the Senate while the debate was in progress.

There was, on the one hand, a determination on the part of many Senators to make it impossible, by a constitutional limitation, for Roosevelt ever to be President again. This was met by Roosevelt's friends with an equal determination not to bar him from possible election. Senator Root spoke wisely, of course, when he insisted that such a grave question as a constitutional amendment should be free from personalities. He could not, however, keep Roosevelt's name out of the discussion.

In lesser degree President-elect Wilson and President Taft figured in the discussion. The effort to shield them from ineligibility revealed the curious circumstances which might arise. Thus, if President Wilson should again be nominated and elected he would occupy the White House for ten years. If a President elected for six years should die within a month after being inaugurated the Vice President might serve five years and eleven months, and then be elected President, thus giving him practically a twelve-year term as President. In fact, the more the whole question was considered, the greater were the difficulties in the way of a satisfactory solution of the problem.

The men who framed the government were not omniscient. They made mistakes like all other human beings. The remarkable wisdom which they possessed, however, was made plain when the lawmakers of the present day vainly endeavored to devise an improvement upon their plan. The discussion in the Senate last week was merely a repetition of the constitutional debates as set down by Elliott. The conditions with which the present Senate dealt in the light of experience were all considered more than a century and a quarter ago as possible contingencies. It is remarkable, in fact, how clearly our forefathers anticipated both the advantages and the disadvantages of the system which they finally adopted. Experience shows that the framework which they erected cannot be dismembered without serious detriment to the stability of American institutions.

When this fact comes to be fully realized there will be less talk about a change from representative government to pure democracy.

It is a pity that the thoughtful and scholarly address of Ambassador Bryce before the University of Virginia cannot be read by every American citizen. Mr. Bryce took as his theme the history of ancient democracies and showed how they had all been wrecked because they failed to contain the one principle of representative government which has made the American republic enduring. In the Athenian democracy the will of a majority of the people was paramount. In those days a verdict for or against a person charged with a high crime was rendered by a vote of the entire population. This proving unwieldly, the jury was reduced to 6,000 and afterward to 500. To-day we find a jury of twelve sufficient to represent the judgment of the whole community, just as experience has proved that it is better to intrust the making of laws to a comparatively few chosen legislators than to the uninformed and undeliberate voice of an entire population, as was the case in the ancient democracies.

It is a fact that much of the so-called progressiveness of the present day is retrogressiveness—that we are really traveling back in a circle to the dangers which our fathers avoided because they had been the undoing of older nations. Mr. Bryce, whose wonderful insight into the character and scope of our governmental institutions was manifest in his "American Commonwealth," has done the people of this country a great service in his latest effort.

Whether the lesson which he endeavors to teach will be heeded is another question.

In this connection Woodrow Wilson's contribution to a current issue of a magazine deserves consideration.

In this article Mr. Wilson asserts that "the government of the United States in recent years has not been administered by the common people of the United States." Exactly what he means by this declaration is not plain, except that he seems to object that when tariff or currency legislation is being considered the big manufacturers and bankers—the men with the largest interests at stake—are consulted. "Have you ever heard, for example," he asks, "of any hearing before any great committee of the Congress in which the people of the country as a whole were represented, except it may be by the Congressmen themselves?" One is inclined to ask how the people of the country as a whole are to be represented unless it is by the Congressmen, but it is more interesting to inquire how Mr. Wilson is to carry his suggestion into practical effect. Will he, when, as President, he is called upon to decide grave problems, open the doors of the White House and invite in all of "the common people" who may be outside? Will he summon the blacksmith at Four Corners or the patent medicine faker on the county highway to his council table in order that "the common people of the country as a whole" may help to administer the government; or will he invite the members of his Cabinet—only nine in number and his personal appointees—or a few other men whose wisdom and experience give value to their advice and seek to be guided by their judgment?

The fact is that the talk, or writing, in which Mr. Wilson is thus attaching his name is buncombe of the cheapest kind. The common people, as Mr. Wilson calls them, cannot administer the government, any more than 10,000 stockholders can administer the affairs of a corporation, but they do control the government and they very promptly vote out the men who fail to satisfactorily measure up to their official responsibilities.

And Mr. Wilson will find that the common people will not be deceived by political palaver. The extent to which they have a voice in the government will be fully appreciated by him when the day of Presidential election comes again.

Hats Off to Mr. Finley.

Charles F. Finley, a banker of New York, who is to pay Dr. E. F. Friedmann, of Berlin, $1,000,000 if the doctor, with his recently discovered serum, will cure 100 tuberculosis victims in New York, has bravely taken upon himself responsibilities greater than those assumed by most dispensers of charity. Mr. Finley, as he himself has pointed out, must select, from many hundreds of the ill-fated, all eager to grasp this seemingly last chance of health, the single hundred for whose continued existence he has offered to pay at the rate of $10,000 a life.

More than 3,000 letters from those who beg for an opportunity to regain health under the treatment of the German scientist, who is coming to New York to undertake this unique task of healing, have already been received by Mr. Finley. Hundreds more come to him every day. They show him plainly the tremendous duty he has offered to discharge.

He knows now that he is not only to spend his fortune—for if the 100 cures are made for $1,000,000, Mr. Finley will give his last cent, he says, to help the stricken—but, in deciding for whom the fortune shall be spent, he is to be an arbiter of fate. Even if he spends his last cent he cannot save all.

It is inspiring to hear that Mr. Finley is not flinching in the face of his tremendous responsibilities. From the statements he has made, it would appear that he is not avoiding an opportunity to do good to some, merely because he cannot do good to all; that he is willing to lend his ear to the outcries of the many, even though he can heed those of but a few, and, it is very probable, will finally bear the imprecations of some upon whom his kindness could not rest.

Yet Mr. Finley will have much to cheer and hearten him. If the Friedmann serum is effective of cures, he will not merely have saved 100 lives. He will have done inestimably more, infinitely more. He will have encouraged the hopeless. He will have shown other possessors of wealth a way to use their wealth honorably and usefully.

There are many good deeds a-shining in this alleged naughty world. Mr. Finley's good deed shines with unusual brilliance, and it is well. His light should burn with such splendor as that the world may find its way to give its thanks and praise, and that those other possessors of wealth, many of them great-hearted men and brave like Mr Finley, may see how vast a kindness can be theirs.

British Unionists and Protection.

The British protectionists are in a sad plight. They have thrown the "food taxes" overboard, but their rejoicing over that performance is more like the delight that "Hans in Luck" found in his successive bargains than anything else that we can think of. The London Economist points out that the Daily Mail's placard, "Death of the food taxes is just what the Daily News might have had on the occasion of any Liberal victory during the last nine years," and that the Mail, the Times, and the Telegraph have been ardent advocates of Chamberlain's imperial policy, of which taxes on foreign food supplies formed the cornerstone.

It can be but a short time before the British tariff reformers will find that, with that project abandoned, their whole stock in trade is gone. And this is not only because it will be impossible to make up in the manufacturing centers for the loss of the support of the agricultural interests, but it also will be because, apart from special interests, the one argument against free trade for England that has had any weight is the argument that it had been ruinous to agriculture and that it cut down the sturdy yeomanry of the country. If free trade has been doing this by refusing to protect British agriculture from foreign competition, what shall be said of a policy which, besides refusing that encouragement to agriculture, actually stimulates manufactures by means of protective taxes?

It looks as though the time were soon coming when the Unionist party will find as much relief in giving up all that is left of the protectionist programme as it has seemed to in the abandonment of the food taxes.

The principal scene in Sousa's new opera, "Glassblowers," is laid in a glass factory and not in a rathskeller as some suppose.

The District appropriations committee is staging an old farce entitled "Too Much Johnson."

Why not have the Fish Commission stock the waters of the Upper Potomac with electric eels?

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

MARY'S MENU.

Mary had a little lamb
With peas for Sunday dinner.
Next day, I'm told, they served it cold
And cut the slices thinner.

She had a little lamb each meal;
In vain her cries grew louder.
'Twas all the same till Friday came
And then they had fish chowder.

A Warm Winter.

Indian summer still bobs up occasionally.

All Acting.

"Meat is high, for one reason, because cattlemen have to pay exorbitant prices for help."

"I thought cowboys could be had at fair wages."

"Not since the moving picture people began hiring them."

February 2 in History.

February 2, 1584—Sir Walter Raleigh dances the turkey trot with Queen Elizabeth.

February 2, 1533—Henry VIII punctures forty dollars' worth of tires and is very angry.

Weather Has Been Warm.

A Maryland farmer is packing store ice around his fruit trees to keep them from budding too early. This is not a joke, but an agricultural item.

Be Gracious.

A favor tendered with a frown
Is very, very crude.
And gets about a nickel's worth
Of real gratitude.

Just the Name.

"What's a good name for a fashionable apartment house?"

"King's Court. That's a toppy name."

"I believe I'll name it 'Divorce Court,' I want to get the very smartest people as tenants."

Quite So.

"Love is a joint stock concern," murmured the girl.

"Sort of a holding company," opined the young man, as he gently shifted her to his other knee.

Good Grounds.

"I wish I could operate on somebody," said the fashionable surgeon. "I need the money."

"Some of these women want little excuse. How about Mrs. Wombat?"

"I have already removed her appendix."

"Well, tell her the coat of her stomach is out of order."

$40,000 CROSS MEMORIAL.

MRS. MARSHALL ORME WILSON.

New York, Feb. 1.—A great granite cross, thirty-five feet high, is soon to be placed in the graveyard of Trinity Church, facing Broadway, to remind the hundreds of thousands of hurrying passers-by in that busy financial section that amidst the transitory there is an eternity. The cross will be the memorial of Mrs. Marshall Orme Wilson to her mother, Mrs. William Astor, who was a member of Trinity parish all her life. The cross will cost about $40,000. It will be surmounted with a figure of Christ.

LOVING CUP FOR McCOOMBS.

WILLIAM F. McCOOMBS,

Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and the loving cup which will be presented to him in recognition of his services as campaign manager of President-elect Wilson in the recent campaign. The cup will be presented to Mr. McCoombs by his associates of the campaign at the New York Democratic headquarters next Wednesday afternoon. Norman Mack will make the presentation speech.

Can the Germans Hold Austria.

From the New York Sun.

As for Austria, the rise of the Balkan Slavs has had an immediate and unmistakable effect upon the Austrian Slavs, who are a majority of Francis Joseph's subjects. For the Adriatic provinces it has meant a renewal of the dream of restoration of the ancient Serb Empire. For the Czech, the Pole, the Ruthenian, the Slovak, the Slovene, it has been a signal to new resistance to the German element at Vienna. War with Russia now, particularly to restrict the Balkan Slavs' boundaries, might easily mean civil war, and the value of the Austrian army, half of whose troops at least are Slav, is doubtful.

Sewage Disposal.

From the New York Herald.

The one absolutely sure conclusion of modern medicine is that disease never originates de novo and that cases of contagious diseases always take their rise from preceding cases. There is no spontaneous origin of life, and diffusible disease is due to living germs. Usually the germs of disease find their way from one patient to another through excreta. Hence the necessity for extreme care in the disposal of excretions of all kinds. Sewage becomes, then, the possible source of disease and must not be neglected. It is costly to dispose of it properly, but the cost is more than counterbalanced by the easily calculable money value of life and health to many people. When it was first proposed to institute sewerage systems the expense seemed to be an absolutely prohibitive factor. Now even small towns know that it pays. When Berlin found that the two little rivers, the Havel and the Spree, became sources of disease because blocked with sewerage the growing city made other arrangements, and her sewerage farms are one of the sanitary lessons of the world.

BASS HORNS

By GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "At Good Old Siwash."

A bass horn is a brass labyrinth about five feet in diameter through which it is possible for a capacious man to respire in such a manner as to be heard for half a mile on a calm day.

A bass horn is a good deal like some politicians. It is grand enough when supported by the entire organization, but when it gets off by itself people laugh at it and decline with great vigor to listen to its remarks.

The bass horn when skillfully operated produces a series of nicely graduated grunts at the lower end of the musical scale, which add richness and body to the general effect. To do this the operator must feed a small windstorm into the little end of the instrument while lugging it over uneven streets and around corners, keeping step with the rest of the disturbers and reading his music by the light of a flickering torch held by a boy who is having an animated quarrel with two jealous friends on the sidewalk. All this keeps the bass hornist occupied and prevents him from brooding in idleness. Very few mahotus of bass horns go wrong or indulge in vicious habits while playing in the band. They do not have time to do so.

The bass horn never travels in the front rank of the band and is seldom called upon by the conductor to make any remark by itself. It usually travels behind with the heavy baggage, but for all that it is indispensable and greatly beloved. If the bass horn were to turn the wrong corner and carry its performer down a side street, the entire band would come to a full stop and music would desert the air until the instrument could be found and herded back into place.

Playing the bass horn does not require a deep, vigorous intellect. A pair of versatile lips, bottomless lungs, and broad, strong shoulders, which do not gaily easily, are more valuable. Bass horn performers usually begin to practice during their careless youth, and before they know it the habit has them in its awful clutches. Very few bass horn players become President of the United States, because at critical moments in their career they must coil their instrument about their shoulders and go forth into the cold world to blow seven miles and six furlongs of melody for some lodge, which is planting a departed member with full honors.

"Seven miles and six furlongs of melody."

(Copyright, 1913, by George Mathew Adams.)

MEXICAN INSURRECTOS KIDNAP AMERICAN; HOLD HIM FOR $2,500 RANSOM

Mexican insurrectos have kidnapped an American named Robert Ward, who was at a mine eighteen miles from Parral, in the State of Chihuahua, according to advices to the State Department yesterday. Ward was taken to the mountains by eight armed men, and is now being held for ransom. The price set is $2,500 in gold.

Reports from the border yesterday indicated that the rebels under Gen. Salazar are about at the end of their resources. It is said that they have been reduced to destitution and are not in a position to carry out their threat to attack Juarez.

A detachment of federal troops has been sent out from Juarez to attack the rebels, and it is reported from Mexico City that orders have been issue to the federal forces in the north to pursue the insurrectos with great vigor. Greater protection has been promised for the Central Railway lines and also for the large American properties in the State of Chihuahua.

HELPS GIRL STRIKERS.

Mrs. Belmont Has Charges of Unjust Sentences Investigated.

New York, Feb. 1.—Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, the society suffragist and social reformer, assumed an active role in the strike of the girl garment workers to-night when she assigned two of her special investigators—women detectives—to mingle with the strikers and visit the night court in an effort to substantiate the charges that the police, as the paid agents of the manufacturers, are arresting strikers indiscriminately on trivial charges and obtaining heavy sentences for them.

Several other society women, whose names are withheld, are associated with Mrs. Belmont in this work. They will report the result of their findings to the aldermanic investigating committee. The effect of the women's activity was evidenced to-night by the few arrests of girls.

Miss Leonora O'Reilly, vice president of the Woman's Trade Union League, declared to-day that when Mrs. J. Borden Harriman and the Misses Wilson, daughters of the President-elect, entered the night court early this morning, the Magistrate, who had been sentencing girl prisoners without exception throughout the evening, suddenly changed his tactics, and treated the girls with fatherly interest to impress his distinguished guests.

Miss Fola La Follette made several addresses to the girls at their various headquarters to-day, promising to continue her work on the picket lines.

Victor L. Berger, the Socialist member of Congress from Milwaukee, also addressed several meetings. He declared he would try to bring about a Congressional investigation.

TRAINMEN'S STRIKE FEARED.

New York, Feb. 1.—Although the counting of the vote on the proposition of the firemen of the Eastern railroads to strike has not been completed, Elisha Lee, chairman of the committee of railroad managers, to-day expressed fear that the men would vote unanimously to strike. The completion of the count will hardly be reached before next Saturday. The issue that threatens to tie up the Eastern lines is the refusal of the railroad managers to arbitrate their differences under the Erdman act. Their main argument is that recently they succeeded in convincing the engineers to consent to a substitute arrangement for the adjustment of their differences, and they see no reason why such a substitution cannot be applied in the present emergency.

The men have notified the railroads that they will insist on their demands or strike. The railroads, in a statement, say that they would regard a strike with disfavor. Such an outcome of the situation, they continue, must be prevented in the public interest.

CITY OFFICIALS FOUND GUILTY.

Philadelphia, Feb. 1.—Henry Clay, former director of public safety; John R. Wiggins, contractor, and Willard H. Wall, contractor, were found guilty today of charges of conspiracy to defraud the city by means of fraudulent contracts. Carl B. Zilensiger, city architect, was found not guilty.

The jury was out twenty-four hours. The verdict created a great sensation, as it was expected that Zilensiger would be convicted and the other men freed. The men were held under $5,000 bond, pending argument for a new trial.

Wilson Will Meet Old Grads.

President-elect Woodrow Wilson wants his classmates of Princeton, '79, to assemble here for a smoker to be given in his honor at the Chevy Chase Club on the night of March 2. Gov. Wilson has informed the inaugural committee that inasmuch as "other plans for the inauguration," supposedly the inaugural ball, have fallen through, he desires to meet every Princetonian of '79 at the smoker.

Pauline No Democratic Cow.

Pauline Wayne, the pride of the White House Dairy, will not be left at the White House to act as a slave to the Democratic conquerors after March 4. President Taft yesterday directed that she be returned to Senator Stephenson of Wisconsin, her donor, by whom she will be shipped back to Wisconsin, her original home.

OIL COMPANY ATTACKS FISHER

Brief Is Filed with House Committee on Indian Affairs by Attorney.

DRAGS IN WICKERSHAM

Assails Standard Company and Says the Czar Lives at 26 Broadway.

The direct and specific charge that Secretary of the Interior Walter L. Fisher and other high officials of the government are controlled by the Standard Oil Company is made in a remarkable brief filed with the House Committee on Indian Affairs by the Uncle Sam Oil Company, the independent corporation which has appealed to Congress for validation of oil and gas leases it negotiated with a council of the Osage Indians in Oklahoma. The leases are said to be worth $60,000,000.

The brief was prepared by Albert L. Wilson, of Kansas City, counsel for the independent company. The original charges in the case were made by members of the Indian Council, and they declared that Secretary Fisher had discriminated in favor of the Oil Trust against the independents.

"We have a czar in the United States, and he sits at 26 Broadway," says the brief of the Independent company. "His edict is more powerful than the edict of a czar. His commands government officials as thoroughly and completely as though they had sworn allegiance to him.

"A former President of the United States, a former Attorney General, a former Postmaster General, two Federal judges, a district attorney, the present Secretary of the Interior, the First Assistant Secretary of the Interior, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and many minor officials have proven themselves willing instruments in carrying out policies directly in harmony with the wishes and aims of the czar at 26 Broadway.

At another point in the brief, reference is made to an act of "Secretary of the Interior, who has shown all along that he is absolutely dominated and controlled by the same influence that gets its orders from the czar at 26 Broadway."

Wickersham Implicated.

Attorney General Wickersham is also implicated by the Independent company. Of him Mr. Wilson says: "I desire to call the attention of the committee to the different manner in which the present Attorney General treats the Standard Oil Company and the Uncle Sam Oil Company.

"Some time ago three officers of the Standard Oil Company were indicted by the Federal Court of the State of Texas charged with having violated the Sherman anti-trust law. Prior to that indictment, the Supreme Court of the United States in the Standard Oil case had found that upon the evidence in that case ten of these officers of the Standard Oil Company and thirty-five of its subsidiary corporations were guilty of a violation of said act, but in that case the hands of the court were tied and it could not mete out any other punishment than to decree the dissolution of the trust.

"That case had been so adroitly planned that, notwithstanding the evidence showed the guilt of the parties, the individuals could not be punished.

"What would you think of a prosecuting attorney who should bring an equity suit against a horse thief to ascertain if he had actually stolen the horse, and if so, to have it ordered returned to the owner instead of charging him with a crime and attempting to send him to the penitentiary?

"And yet this is just the procedure followed by the Attorney General in the Standard Oil case and with the testimony of guilt of the officers of the Standard Oil Company staring him in the face from the record in the Supreme Court he orders no arrest to be made on the indictments found in Texas until he had an opportunity to examine the testimony submitted to the grand jury upon which the indictments were based, and after taking his time to make the examination he finds that the testimony is insufficient and orders the indictment canceled."

After detailing the company's experiences with the Interior Department, the brief says: "In fact, gentlemen, the record shows that not only the head of the department, but every subordinate whose name has been mentioned in connection with any of the negotiations has done precisely what the Standard Oil Company would want done under the circumstances."

STATESMEN—REAL AND NEAR

By FRED C. KELLY

When Representative Victor Murdock was sporting editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean some twenty years ago, a man named Sheridan was sporting editor of the Record, and they met frequently at the baseball park, covering games.

One day Sheridan was seized with an uncontrollable impulse to visit for a couple of days with some folks at Greencastle, Ind., and he asked Victor if he would write the baseball stuff for both papers during his brief absence. Victor, who even in those days, was an accomodating citizen, said it would give him a great deal of pleasure to write two versions of the games—that he never was able to say all he wanted to in one paper, anyhow. Sheridan made his visit, came back and thanked Victor, and the incident was apparently closed.

Now, all that, you understand, was twenty years ago.

But week before last, Vic. Murdock, in opening his Congressional mail, picks up a letter and check for $8 from Sheridan who is now occupying the chair of journalism at the University of Washington out in Seattle.

The letter says, substantially: "I always neglected to pay you for writing up those ball games for me that time in Chicago. As I recall the space rates then prevailing, you are entitled to about $8, including interest."

But Victor hadn't done the work with any idea of getting paid for it, and he didn't want his old friend's money. Yet to return the check seemed like a prosaic thing to do. He wished he could think of something appropriate to buy with the $8 and send it to Sheridan, or make some other clever use of it, even if only to found a home for baseball writers. For the life of him, he couldn't think of a single clever thing to do with the $8. He walked uptown, cashed the check, and tucked the money in a little pocket by itself until he could conceive an original way to spend it.

Since then Victor has been wearing an abstracted air, like a dog trying to recall the location of a buried bone, and his friends have suggested that he is letting statecraft rest too heavily on his shoulders. But it isn't statecraft at all. He has simply been worrying himself trying to think how to do something original with that baseball money. Several times he has absent-mindedly spent part of it for cigars, while racking his brain for a clever idea, and if he doesn't think up something before long there won't be any $8. As things stand now, Vic Murdock would almost be tempted to give $8 to anybody offering the best suggestion about what to do with it.

Throughout his boyhood days, George von L. Meyer never learned to swim. His parents read him all the harrowing tales in the newspapers about little boys who got drowned in consequence of venturing into the water. He took the tip and gave up the idea of knowing how to swim. Of course, neither he nor his parents had any idea then that he was going to grow up and be Secretary of the Navy.

After he had been in his present job for a few years, it occurred to Meyer that it was somewhat incongruous for the Secretary of the Navy to be, maybe, the only man in the whole navy who couldn't swim. So he shut down his desk one morning a few months ago and went up to the local Y. M. C. A., where they have a big indoor swimming pool, and explained his plight. In a few days he had mastered the breast stroke and gradually became a first-rate swimmer.

Arthur Krock, who represents "Marse" Henry Watterson's Courier-Journal in Washington, is a young person with a great variety of words incarcerated in his cupola. On occasion he can use many of these words verbally in a manner that is mystifying to all except the elect.

A few evenings ago a panhandler stopped Krock on Pennsylvania Avenue and asked him for alms. It seems that the same man had taxed him pause a night or two previous with a similar request, and Krock, recalling this, addressed him as follows:

"Thou fustian knave, dost thou not know that I handed thee two shillings only yester night? Why, britnee, must I give ear to such tales of woe from one who squanders his substance nightly for rum and ale and seeks not at all to gain the emoluments of honest labor? A murrain on such indolent rascals! Money, forsooth! Were't not that I abhor the sight of blood I would e'en now snip off thy ears. What if thou dost lack wealth? Up hands and conchubines and the king's favor give peace of spirit withal? Cease to utter such vain things."

As Krock walked off the fellow stood with hands clutched at brow for five minutes looking after him and marveling.

The clerk to the Senate Committee on Private Land Claims is an affable man named John T. Botteuillet—pronounces the way the French pronounce such words.

Senator Tillman had some business with the committee one day and asked Mr. et—see above—what his name was. The clerk repeated it over several times, at first briskly and then slowly. Tillman shook his head.

"I think I'll just call you Mr. Buffalo," he said, solemnly, "if you don't mind."

And ever since then that is what Tillman has called him.